

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XI.]

Saturday, October 20th,....1810.

[NO. 26.

AMELIA :
OR THE FAITHLESS BRITON.

founded upon facts.

(Concluded)

When Honorius was informed that Amelia was, at that time, beneath the same roof, he expressed an eager desire immediately to embrace his afflicted sister; but Horatio strongly represented the impropriety of an interview 'till the event of the assignation with Doliscus was ascertained, and it was, therefore, agreed for the present, to conceal his arrival from her knowledge.

Absorbed in the melancholy of her thoughts, Amelia had not uttered a syllable since the removal from her dreary habitation, but suffered the busy attentions of the servants of the inn, with a listless indifference. The agitation of her mind, indeed, had hitherto rendered her insensible to the weakness of her frame; but exhausted nature, at length produced the symptoms of an approaching fever, and compelled her, reluctantly, to re-

retire to her bed. When Horatio entered the room, the fever had considerably increased, he therefore requested the assistance of a neighboring physician, who pronounced her situation to be critically dangerous. In the evening, the unusual vivacity of her eyes, the incoherence of her speech, and repeated peals of loud and vacant laughter, proved the disordered state of her understanding, and increased the apprehensions of her attendants. "A few hours will decide her fate," said the doctor, as he left the room. "My poor Amelia!" cried Horatio, raising her hand to his lips—she looked sternly at him for a moment, then relaxing the severity of her features, she again burst into a boisterous laugh, which terminated in a long and heavy sigh, as if her spirits were exhausted with the violence of her exertions.

The task which Horatio had now to perform was difficult indeed! The virtue and forti-

tude of his soul could hardly sustain a conflict against the grief and passion that consumed him, while, on the one hand, he beheld the distraction of his daughter, and, on the other, anticipated the danger of his son. He resolved, however, to keep Amelia's indisposition a secret from Honorius, with whom he arranged the dreadful business of the morning, and, having fervently bestowed his blessing there, he returned to pass the night in prayer and watching by Amelia's side.

Honorius retired to his chamber, but not to rest. It was not, however, the danger of the approaching combat, which occasioned a moment's anxiety or reflection ; for his courage was superior to every consideration of personal safety. But that courage had hitherto been regulated by a sense of obligation consistent with the precepts of religion—he had often exerted it to deserve the glorious meed of a soldier, but he scorned to employ it for the contemptible reputation of a duelist ; it had taught him to serve his country, but not to offend his God. “ If there is a cause which can justify the act, is it mine ? ’Tis not a punctilious honor, a visionary

insult, or a petulant disposition that influences my conduct :” said Honorius, as he mused upon the subject.—“ A sister basely tricked of her innocence and fame, a father ungratefully plundered of his peace and hopes, in the last stage life, and myself (but that is little) treacherously transported to a remote and inhospitable land—these are my motives ; and Heaven, Doliscus, be the judge between us !

As soon as the dawn appeared, Honorius repaired to the place of appointment, where a few minutes before the hour, Doliscus, likewise arrived.—He was attended by a friend, but perceiving his antagonist alone, he requested his companion to withdraw to a distant spot, from which he might observe the event, and afford assistance to the vanquished party.

“ Once more we meet, Sir,” said Doliscus, “ upon the business of death ; but that fortune which failed you in your country's cause, may be more propitious in your own.”—“ What pity it is,” exclaimed Honorius, “ that thou should'st be a villain, for thou art brave !” “ Nay, I come to offer a more

substantial revenge for the wrongs I have committed, than merely the imputation of so gross an epithet—take it, sir—it is my life.” They instantly engaged. Doliscus for awhile defended himself with superior address, but laying himself suddenly open to the pass of his antagonist, he received his sword in the left breast, a little below the left seat of his heart!

“Nobly done,” cried Doliscus as he fell, “it is the vengeance of Amelia; and oh! may it serve to expiate the crime of her betrayer.” His friend who had attentively viewed the scene, advanced, when he saw him on the ground; and assisted by Honorius, bore him to a carriage which had been directed to attend within call. He was then conveyed to the house of an eminent surgeon, who having ordered the necessary accommodations, examined the wound, and pronounced it to be mortal.”—“Fly sir,” said Doliscus turning to Honorius at this intelligence—“your country will afford you an asylum, and protect you from the consequences of my fate. I beseech you embitter not my last moments with the reflection of your danger—but bear with you to the injured Amelia, the story of my

repentance, and, if you dare, ask her to forgive me.” The resentments of Honorius were subdued, he presented his hand to the dying Doliscus, in whose eye a gleam of joy was kindled at the thought, but it was quickly superceded by a cold and sudden tremour; he attempted, but in vain, to speak; he seized the offered hand; he pressed it eagerly to his lips, and in the moment of that expressive action, he expired.

Honorius now hastened to inform Horatio of this fatal event, and to contrive the means of escape. But when he returned to the inn, confusion and distress were pictured on every face; a wild, but harmonious, voice, occasionally broke forth into melancholy strains, and the name of Amelia was repeatedly pronounced in accents of tenderness and compassion. “How is it my son?” cried Horatio eagerly. “Doliscus is no more!” replied Honorius.—“Would he had lived another day! I wished not the ruin of his soul.” “But he repented sir.” “Then heaven be merciful!” exclaimed Horatio.

Here their conversation was interrupted, by the melodious

chauntings of Amelia:

I'll have none of your flow'r's, tho, so
blooming and sweet;
Their scent, it may poison, and false
is their hue;
I tell you begone! for I ne'er shall
forget,
That Doliscus was lovely and treach-
erous too.

Honorius listened attentively to the song; it vibrated in his ear, and swelled the aching artery of his heart. 'Come on!' said Horatio leading him to Amelia's chamber. They found her sitting on the bed, with a pillow before her, over which she moved her fingers, as if playing on a harpsichord. Their entrance disturbed her for a moment, but she soon resumed her employment.

He said and swore he lov'd me true:
was it a lover's part,
To ruin good Horatio's peace, and
break Amelia's heart?

A heavy sigh followed these lines, which were articulated in a wistful and sympathetic tone, and she sunk exhausted on her bed. In a few minutes, however, she started from this still and silent state, and having gazed with a wild and aching eye around the room, she uttered a loud and piercing cry—it was the awful signal of her dissolution—and her in-

jured spirit took its everlasting flight.

The reader will excuse a minute description of the succeeding scenes. The alarm raised by the death of Doliscus compelled Honorius to quicken his departure, and he joined the standard of America a few hours before the battle of Monmouth, in which, for the service of his country, he sacrificed a life that misfortune had then taught him to consider of no other use or estimation.

As for the venerable Horatio—having carried with him to the cottage the remains of his darling child, in a melancholy solitude he consumes the time; his only business, meditation and prayer; his only recreation a daily visit to the monument, which he has raised in commemoration of Amelia's fate, and all his consolation resting in this assurance, that whatever may be the sufferings of virtue HERE, its portion must be happiness HERE-AFTER.

ORATORS.

Orators should never attempt to move the passions until they have endeavoured to convince
Blair.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

No. II.

Messrs. Editors,

THE following beautiful verses subjoined to this *sketch* I committed to memory when young, and as the author from whom they were extracted has escaped my recollection, whilst I am yet capable of communicating them to you without doing any injury to the ingenious composer, I would wish them printed in your *Miscellany*, where I imagine they will meet with the approbation of every admirer of that *pathos* which is so eminently calculated to arrest the attention to Poetic beauty, and to fan up by a mild, yet irresistible impulse the less turbulent feelings of the bosom into a pleasing and museful melancholy.

The 'gathering ills' of life, is ever the complaint of nearly the aggregate of the uncultivated sons of men, who, not capable of expressing their unhappiness in the strains of elegant and refined sentiment—nevertheless, can speak the voice of nature. Hundreds, nay, thousands of the lower classes of every civilized, com-

munity, there are to be found, would any discriminating person take the trouble to visit them, in want of the common necessities of life, suffering cold, enduring hunger and fatigue, and consequently, lingering out a dire and miserable existence.

What scenes would the Poetic Muse find here, worthy of recapitulating in tuneful and heart melting number, and whilst she hovered over the habitation of poverty, her pensive strains would awaken dormant Humanity, and conduct her open handed, and in tears to the habitation of MISERY.

Are the lower classes of civilized society the least happy? Perhaps not. The middle grades of the more exalted, and every son of Adam has his perplexities and burden of calamity. There is one species of unhappiness, however, which I imagine will be found on experience, the most excruciating, and at the same time the least vulnerable for philosophy to combat. I mean where a man in full enjoyment of that plenty, the consequent of good fortune and wealth, who sees his coffers daily filled with the latter without even being capable of enumerating

chauntings of Amelia:

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blossoming and sweet ;
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the sources from which they copiously flow. His carriage rolling in splendour. His mansion the resort of the fashionable and the gay. His princely table groaning under the weight of delicious viands, whose perfumes ascend to heaven, commingling with the odours of Arabian and Asiatic profuseness—and a single blast of ill-fortune reduces him to poverty, beggary and rags,—deserted by the *friends of his prosperity*; his children crying for bread, and his wife looking to him for sustenance and protection—alas, I here feel the impotency of the prosaic pen; at least the feeble powers of my own must too visibly demonstrate the want of genius to delineate the eloquence of sympathy and imagination.

LINES.

COME, take the harp—'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see;
Oh take the harp, and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee.

Sing to me, love!—though death were
near,
Thy song could make my soul forget—

Nay, nay, in pity dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet!

Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate while thou art nigh.

Give me that strain of mournful touch,
We used to love, long, long ago,
Before our hearts, had known so much,
As now, alas! they bleed to know.

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapt'rous then,
Now wither'd, lost—oh! pray thee
cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again.

Art thou too, wretched? yes, thou art,
I see thy tears flow fast from mine,
Come, come, to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine!

If any of your correspondents will furnish the communication of the above lines, the name of their author, through the medium of your paper, he will take it as a particular favour.

To the Editors of the *Lady's Miscellany*.

Gentlemen,

As you are about closing the 11th volume of the *Lady's Miscellany*, (and the second, since it has been in your hands,) I deem it a mark of gratitude, which is not only due from me but each individual of your subscribers, to take some notice of the rapid improvement the *Miscellany* has undergone since it came into your hands. We must give Mr. Whitley (the former proprietor) credit

for his candour, in acknowledging himself, unequal to the task the editorship necessarily imposed upon him, and also in acknowledging that the establishment in your hands would meet with more attention. Indeed the Lady's Miscellany is truly deserving of general patronage from an enlightened public.

The generality of your correspondents do great credit to themselves and the Miscellany, and shew by their unremitting exertions to please all its readers that they are not wholly unconcerned for your welfare. And you, also, by your constant and prompt attention, and choice selections deserve our greatest thanks. Continue those exertions, and I do not doubt, but, that encouragement you so deservedly merit, will soon repay all your toils. And no assistance that can be rendered, shall be omitted by

Your humble servant,

JOSEPHUS.

Pierre du Terrail, chevalier de Bayard, was a real knight errant, and deemed the flower of chivalry, descended from an ancient and honorable family in Dauphine. His great grandfather's father fell at the feet

of king John, in the battle of Poitiers; his great grandfather was slain at the battle of Agincourt; his grandfather lost his life in the battle of Montlehey; and his father was desperately wounded in the battle of Guinegaste, commonly called the Battle of the Spurs. The chevalier had signalized himself from his youth by incredible acts of personal valour; first of all, at the battle of Fornova: in the reign of Lewis XII. he with a single arm, defended the bridge at Naples, against two hundred knights; in the reign of Francis I. he fought so valiantly at the battle of Marignan, under the eye of his sovereign, that, after the action, Francis insisted upon being knighted by his hand, after the manner of chivalry. Having given his king the slap on the shoulder, and dubbed him knight, he addressed himself to his sword in these terms: 'How happy art thou, in having this day conferred the order of knighthood on such a virtuous and powerful monarch. Certes, my good sword, thou shalt henceforth be kept as a relique, and honoured above all others, and never will I wear thee except against the infidels.' So saying he cut a caper twice, and

sheathed his sword. He behaved with such extraordinary courage and conduct, on a great number of delicate occasions, that he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, and held in universal esteem. It was at the retreat of Rebec, that his back was broke with a musket-shot. Perceiving himself mortally wounded, he exclaimed, 'Jesus, my God, I am a dead man.' Then kissed the cross of his sword, repeated some prayers aloud, caused himself to be laid under a tree, with a stone supporting his head, and his face towards the enemy. He sent a dutiful message to the king, by the lord Alegre; and having made a military will by word of mouth, was visited and caressed by the constable of Bourbon, and the marquis de Pescara. He died upon the spot, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

Character of the Spaniards and Portuguese.

Even in the frontier towns a strong line of distinction is drawn between the two nations. The Spaniard is more determined in his gait and manners; his cloak thrown over his shoulders gives him something of the air of a man of courage;

whilst the same custom with the Portuguese manners gives only the look of an assassin. But if we notice the difference between the men, it is still more apparent in the women of the two countries. The air, the dress, the walk of the Spanish ladies, is not only superior to that of their neighbours, but perhaps of any European nation. The lower part of their dress is black, with deep fringes; the upper consists simply of a white muslin veil, which, without covering the face, falls down on each side of the head, crosses over the bosom, and is fastened behind the back. They walk with freedom; their eyes are dark and expressive, and their whole countenances have that bewitching air which an Englishman likes well enough to see in any woman, except his wife, his sister, or the woman he truly loves and respects.

An Irish Haul! The Drogheda Journal informs us of the following most singular sport. While a few fishermen were drawing in their net, they pulled in, at one haul, forty-eight salmon, a militia-man, a large gun, a dead calf, a cask of ball, and a barrel of gun powder!

For the Lady's Miscellany.

....

VARIETY.

....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

.....

"Care to our Coffin, adds a Nail, no doubt :

But ev'ry Grin, so merry, draws one out."

A Man of Taste.

Boyce, the writer of the Pantheon, was a most thoughtless, extravagant, and miserable creature. At one period of his life when he was almost perishing with hunger, a friend gave him some money to rescue him. He purchased a piece of beef, but was so great an epicure, that he could not eat it without pickles, and laid out the last half-guinea he had for truffles and mushrooms, which he ate in bed, for want of clothes, or even a shirt wherewith to cover his wretched carcase.

Modern Description.

The fleecy clouds of the morning were now streaking with nature's richest vermillion, the sun was just lifting his radiant head above the stately trees of the forest, the feathered Handals of nature sung

forth their sweetest carols, and universe had borrowed the robes of May, when Sylvia, more beautiful than Diana, walked out to feed the chickens.

When General O'Kelly was introduced to Louis XV. soon after the battle of Fontenoy, his Majesty observed that Clarke's regiment behaved very well in that engagement, "Sire," said the General, "they behaved well, it is true, many of them were wounded ; but my Regiment behaved better, for *we* were all killed.

Cook, the celebrated circumnavigator, when a boy, was apprenticed in the small town of Steers, in Yorkshire, to what is termed a general shop-keeper. It happened one day, that a young woman purchased an article at the shop, and in payment offered a new shilling. The master of the shop, having seen the girl pay this new shilling, and not finding it among the cash in the till accused young Cook of purloining his property. Our young hero, indignant at this charge upon his probity, said it was false ; that the new shilling certainly

was in his pocket, but that he had replaced it by another.--- Unable, however, to brook his master's accusations, he next day ran away and went to sea, and from this simple circumstance the world is indebted to his great discoveries as a navigator.

Honey a cure for the Gravel.

About 27 years ago (says a correspondent) I was much afflicted with the gravel, and twice in serious danger from small stones lodging in the passage. I met with a gentleman who had been in my situation, and had got rid of that disorder by sweetening his tea with half honey and half sugar.— I adopted this remedy, and found it effectual. After being fully clear of my disease about ten years, I declined taking honey, and in about 3 months I had a violent fit of my old complaint. I then renewed my practice of taking honey in my tea, and am now more than three score and ten, and have not, for the last 27 years, had the smallest symptom of the gravel. I have recommended my prescription to many of my acquaintance, and have never known it fail.

Doctor Mead had his rise in life, from being called to see

the dutchess of ———, at midnight. She unfortunately drank to excess; the doctor also was very often much in liquor, and was so that night. In the act of feeling her pulse, slipping his foot, he cried: Drunk by G---, meaning himself. She imagining he had found her complaint, which she wished to conceal, told the doctor, if he kept it secret she would recommend him. She did so and made his fortune.

• CELIBACY.

Celibacy is very common in England among men in easy circumstances; till a period of life when, from various reasons, they find it difficult to change their situations. I have known a considerable number of instances where gentlemen of polished manners and cultivated minds live as bachelors, in a style of elegance and independence, often preferred in England to that state, which as Johnson says, *has many pains*; although they do not appear to believe the other part of the adage, that *celibacy has no pleasures*.

OCTOBER.


October was called the eighth from *Octo*, beginning the year at March.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, October 20, 1810.

The City Inspector reports the death of 39 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week.

NOTICE.

 The Co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of M'CARTY & WHITE, is *this day* dissolved by mutual consent. All persons having claims against said firm, are to present the same; and those indebted thereto are requested to make payment to SAMUEL B. WHITE, who will in future conduct the business.

WILLIAM M'CARTY.

SAMUEL B. WHITE.

Oct. 20th.

N. B. Those friends and acquaintances of my own, who have given the firm of *M'Carty and White*, their support will still confer a favor on me by continuing it to *Mr. White*.

WILLIAM M'CARTY.

TO THE PUBLIC.

As this number closes the xi volume of the *Lady's Miscellany*, the Editors think it proper to address a few lines to their Patrons, in regard to the Establishment. The support the *former* Editors have antecedently received, encourages the *present* Editor to proceed and hazard a 12th volume, again trusting to a generous public for its advancement. The Editor is more sanguine in his expectations to please than formerly, as a gentleman

of this city has made an offer of superintending the original department, who has more leisure than he now proprietor. The late Editors are convinced that many exceptionable articles of original composition, have crept into the present volume. Still, when the Editors assure their patrons and the public, that it has been owing in a great measure to their pressure of other affairs, they humbly trust to be excused.


The small emolument arising from the *Miscellany*, rendered it necessary for the welfare of themselves and families to have recourse to the other branches; consequently, the paper (they are sorry to say) was but too often neglected.

The now proprietor, however, takes upon himself to promise, that hereafter the evil will be remedied, and that nothing shall have publicity in the next volume, but what has underwent the strictest examination.

He also begs leave to suggest that the paper in some respects will bear a new form, and he has the most lively hope, that instead of degenerating, it will go on to make a rapid improvement; much notwithstanding will depend upon the manner in which it is received, for no person assuredly can be ignorant enough to suppose, that talents, time and money will be exerted and expended upon any undertaking without meeting a suitable reward.

In short, the Editor is resolved to spare neither assiduity or pains, to render his work agreeable and entertaining to the public. The variety of selected entertainment he has already procured, and the strong original support promised him by his literary friends, bids fair to make the subsequent volume a rich and cheap repast to the lovers of learning and improvement.

SAMUEL B. WHITE.

 P. S. All *Prose* Communications for the 1st number of the 12th Volume, of the Lady's Miscellany, must be addressed to "*The Speculator*" and left at this Office, or at the Post Office.

Editor.

Thursday last, in the hon. the Mayor's Court, NATHAN B. GRAHAM, esq. was admitted and sworn a Counsellor at Law.

The North River Steam Boat, capt. Wiswall, arrived from Albany, on Thursday last, in 18 hours; she made her passage up in 28 hours.—The Experiment arrived from Hudson, last evening, in 11 hours.

Military.—On Wednesday last, a handsome military parade and series of sham engagement took place on the open grounds at Greenwich, near the State Prison. The troops out on the occasion, were, the battalion of cavalry commanded by Major Warner; the battalion of riflemen, under the command of Major McClure, and a detachment of Artillery, and of light companies from different regiments of the line. The day was fine, and the va-

rious manœuvres executed with spirit and precision, and much to the gratification of an immense concourse of spectators. We are happy to learn that no accident has been heard of:—And we are sorry, on this subject, to find the following article in a Philadelphia paper of Wednesday last:

Yesterday, during the exercises of the militia, on the commons, several of their muskets containing ball cartridges, and on being discharged wounded five or six spectators—one of them has since died of his wounds. We mention this as a caution in future for those who deliver, as well as those who receive arms from the arsenal, for military musters.

Thanksgiving.—Thursday, the 1st of next month is agreed upon by the several denominations of protestant christians in Philadelphia, to be observed as a day of thanksgiving and praise.

COLORED CHEESE.

Caution.—Yesterday three persons in one family, in Boston, in consequence of eating new cheese which had been colored very yellow, were seized with violent and distressing

puking, which had not subsided at a late hour yesterday afternoon, October 15.

Caution.—On Friday night, the 5th inst. no less than six persons in one family, in the western part of Philadelphia, in consequence of eating cheese which had been highly colored with yellow, were seized with violent and distressing puking which did not subside until the forenoon of the next day.

Duel.—On Tuesday afternoon a duel was fought at Sandy Hook, near the light-house, between two Midshipmen of the names of Rogers & Morgan, belonging to the frigate Constitution. Both shots took effect at the first fire. Rogers was killed, the ball passing into his right side, through his body and into his left arm.—Morgan received only a flesh wound, the ball passing across his breast.

Raleigh, (N. C.)

Fatal accident.—On Thursday last as Mrs. Newsom, a respectable woman, was on her way to this place accompanied by her daughter in the chair

with herself, and a son on horseback, the animal she was driving took fright: the daughter jumped from the chair without injury, but in a like attempt Mrs. Newsom's foot caught between the seat and the shaft. In this condition she was dragged nearly half a mile, her head sometimes under and sometimes by the side of the wheel. The horse was stopped at the house of Mr. Simm's about five miles north of this place, when the lady was found to be quite dead, having both her legs and arms broke and her head shockingly bruised.

A receipt for making Potatoe Bread.

Take 6 pounds of good flour, and 5 pounds of potatoes boiled and freed from their skins, beat them into a pulp or pudding, and then mix them smooth with the flour and a pint of hot water; then mould it into loaves, and it will keep better, and is much preferable to bread made all of flour.

A country merchant advertises a commodity for sale, for which he will take all kinds of country produce except provisions.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Gardner Spring. Mr. Michael Megrath, of Charleston, S. C. of the house of Jones and Megrath, to Miss Emily Jones, daughter of Perez Jones, merchant, of this city.

On Wednesday, by the Rev. Mr. Wood. house, Mr. Joseph Dean, son of John Dean, esq. Sheriff of King' County, to Miss Ruth Newbury, of Gowanes, Long Island.

At Tappan, on Saturday last, the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lansing, Mr. Thomas Blanch, to Miss Elizabeth Mayble.

At the above place, Mr. Robert Sneden to Miss Jane Crane.

At Sag Harbour, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Prime, Mr. William F. Furman, merchant, of this city, to Miss Maria Parker, daughter of capt William P.

At Riverhead, Mr. John Penny, jun. to Mrs. Joanna Terry.

DIED,

On Tuesday morning last, Mr. JAMES M'CARTR, aged 64—a Revolutionary Soldier,

On Saturday morning, the 13th inst. at an early hour, lieutenant col. GEORGE TURNBULL. For upwards of 60 years he sustained, in the British army, in every respect, that character which distinguished the soldier and the gentleman; nor was he less known or less esteemed by his fellow-citizens for the practice of those moral and social duties

which inspire respect and give true dignity to the man.

On Saturday evening, the 13th inst. at Bloomingdale, after a short illness, Mr. B. D. PERKINS, of the house of Collins & Perkins, Booksellers, of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 11th inst. in the 24th year of his age, Mr. PETER BRVANK, at his late dwelling, Corlaer's Hook. He retained his faculties to the last, and left this sublunary scene fully relying on Christ, the redeemer of mankind for his future happiness. A tender mother, an affectionate brother and sister, with a number of respectable relations and friends, are left to lament his loss.

On Friday morning, the 19th inst. of a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. SUSAN COULTHARD, wife of Mr. Wm. Coulthard, and daughter of the late Casper Samler, in the 28th year of her age.

At sea, in lat. 39, 59, long. 58, 58, on the 31st July last, Capt. EDWARD BETTS, master of the ship Jane, of New-York, 12 days out from Savannah, bound to Liverpool

At Litchfield, (Con.) the Rev'd. JUDAH CHAMPION, senior pastor of the first ecclesiastical society in that town, in the 82d year of his age, and 57th of his ministry.

At Easthampton, very suddenly, Miss Jane Chatfield, aged 60.



*"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."*

.....

(SELECTED.)

THE COMMON LOT.

By James Montgomery.

Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man : and WHO was
he ?

Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown :
His name hath perish'd from the earth
This truth survives alone :

That joy and grief, and hopes and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear,
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall ;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled :
Had friends—his friends are now no
more ;

And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb ;
O she was fair—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon and stars, the earth and
main,

Erewhile his portion life and light,
To him exist in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encounter'd all that troubles Thee,
He was—whatever thou hast been ;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory
threw,

Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM affords no other trace
Than this—*There liv'd a MAN !*

—*~*~*~—

THE AFFECTIONATE HEART.

LET the great man, his treasures pos-
sessing,
Pomp and splendour for ever attend ;
I prize not the shadowy blessing,
I ask—the affectionate friend.

Tho' foibles may sometimes o'ertake
him,

His footstep from wisdom depart :
Yet, my spirit shall never forsake him,
If he own the affectionate heart.

Affection ! thou soother of care,
Without thee unfriended we rove ;
Thou canst make e'en the desert look
fair,
And thy voice is the voice of the dove

Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,
And the storms of mortality's state :
What shall lull the afflicted to rest,
But the joys that on sympathy wait ?

What is fame, bidding Envy defiance,
The idol and bane of mankind,

What is wit, what is learning or science
To the heart that is stedfast and kind?

Even genius may weary the sight,
By too fierce and too constant a blaze:
But affection, mild planet of night!
Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

It shall thrive when the flattering forms,
That encircle creation decay;
It shall live mid the wide-wasting storms
That bear all undistinguish'd away.

When time, at the end of his race,
Shall expire with expiring mankind;
It shall stand on its permanent base;
It shall last till the wreck of the mind.

For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

Messrs. Editors,

You will extremely oblige by inserting
the following lines in one of the num-
bers of your *Miscellany*. Addressed to

Miss T——:

Why should I mourn my hapless fate
and sigh!

When I am ever to my charmer nigh,
And why do I thus daringly presume,
To sigh and flatter e'er I know my doom.

Teach me my love, what words I may
impart,

To shew you how I love, and where's
the smart.

And never may I by thought, word or
deed.

Offend that being, though she made me
bleed.

O did you feel the smart my Caroline,
You would have pity on a case like mine.
Yield that hitherto reluctant hand,
And Hymen then shall tie the sacred
band.

JOSEPHUS.

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attend a *Convivial Society*, on
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Mr.

In the Chair.

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VOL XII

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Lady's Dressing

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